

# PALMETTO STANDARD.

DEVOTED TO GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE, AND TO THE POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL AND EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS OF THE STATE.

CHESTER, S. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1852.

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## THE PALMETTO STANDARD.

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back from his approach, when the mark of a tear-drop upon his cheek caught her eye. Could it be, thought she, that pearly drop was in truth, a tear? No, perhaps a snow flake had fallen there and melted.

Once or twice, Thomas Wilkins seemed upon the point of speaking some word to his wife, but at length he turned slowly away, and silently undressed himself; and soon after his wearied limbs had reached the bed he was asleep.

Long and earnestly did Mrs. Wilkins gaze upon the features of her husband, after he had fallen asleep. There was something strange in his manner, something unaccountable. Surely he had not been drinking, for his countenance had none of that vacant, wild, demoniac look, that usually rested there. His features were rather sad and thoughtful, than otherwise; and O, heaven! it is possible a smile played about his mouth, and a sound, as of prayer, issued from his lips while yet he slept!

A faint hope, like the misty vapor of approaching morn, fitted before the heart-broken wife. But she could not grasp it, she had no foundation for it, and with a deep groan she felt the phantom pass.—She went to her children and drew the clothes closely about them; then she knelt by their side and after imprinting upon their cheeks a mother's kiss, and uttering a fervent prayer in their behalf, she sought the repose of her pillow.

Long ere the morning dawned, Thomas Wilkins arose from his bed, dressed himself, and left the house. His poor wife awoke just as he was going out, and she would have called to him, but she dared not. She would have told him she had no fuel, no bread, not anything with which to warm and feed the children; but he was gone, and she sank back upon her pillow and wept.

The light of morning came at length, but Mrs. Wilkins had not risen from her bed, nor had her children crawled out from their rest place. A sound of footsteps was heard from without, accompanied by a noise, as though a little sled was being dragged through the snow. The door opened, and her husband entered. He laid on the table a large wheaten loaf, a small parcel, and a paper parcel, and again he turned towards the door. When next he entered he bore in his arms a load of wood; and three times did he go out and return with a load of the same description. Then he bent over the fire place, and soon a blazing fire snuffed and sparkled on the hearth. As soon as this was accomplished, Thomas Wilkins bent over his children and kissed them; then he went to the bedside of his wife, and while some powerful emotion stirred up his soul and made his chest heave, he murmured:

"Kiss me, Lizzie."

Tightly that wife wound her arms about the neck of her husband, and as though the love of years was centered in that one kiss, she pressed it upon his lips.

"There—no more," he uttered, as he gently laid the arm of his wife from his neck; "these things I have brought are for you and our children;" and as he spoke he left the house.

Mrs. Wilkins arose from her bed, and tremblingly examined the articles upon the table. She found the loaf, and in the paper she found milk; one of the parcels contained two smaller parcels, one of tea, and one of sugar, while in the remaining parcel she found a nice lump of butter.

"O, murmured the poor wife and mother, as she gazed upon the food thus spread before her, from whence these? Can it be that Thomas has stolen them? No, no, never did that! And then that look! that kiss! those kind, sweet words! O, my poor, poor heart, false not a hope that may only fall and crush thee!"

"Mother," at this moment spoke her son, who raised himself upon his elbow, "has father gone?"

"Yes, Charles."

"O, tell me, mother, did he not come and kiss me and little Abby this morning?"

"Yes, yes, he did, he did," cried the mother, as she flew to the side of her boy and wound her arms about him.

That mother could not speak; she could only press her children more fondly to her bosom, and weep a mother's tears upon them.

Was Lizzie Wilkins happy as she sat her children down to that morning's meal? At least a ray of sunshine was struggling to gain entrance to her bosom.

Towards the middle of the afternoon, Mr. Abel Walker, a retired sea-captain of some wealth, sat in his comfortable parlor engaged in reading, when one of his servants informed him that some one was at the door, and wished to see him.

"Tell him to come in then," returned Walker.

With a trembling step and downcast look Thomas Wilkins entered Capt. Walker's parlor.

"Ah, Wilkins," said the old Captain, "what has brought you here?"

"The man twice attempted to speak, but his heart failed him."

"Do you come for charity?"

"No, sir," quietly returned Wilkins, while his eyes gleamed with a proud light.

"Then sit down and out with it," said Walker in a blunt but kind tone.

"Captain Walker," commenced the poor man, as he took the proffered seat, "I have come to ask if you still own that little cottage beyond the hill?"

"I do."

"Is it occupied?"

"No."

"Is it engaged?"

"No," returned the Captain, regarding his visitor with uncommon interest. "But why do you ask?"

"Capt. Walker," said Wilkins in a firm and manly tone, even though his eyes glistened and his lips quivered. "I have been poor and degraded, deeply steeped in the dregs of poverty and disgrace.—Everything that made life valuable I have almost lost. My life and children have suffered, and O! God only knows how keenly! I have wandered in the path of sin. One after another the tender chords of friendship that used to bind me to the world have snapped asunder, my name has become a by-word, and upon the earth I have been a foul blot. But, sir, from henceforth I am a man! Up from the depths of its long grave, I have dragged forth my heart, and love still has its home therein. I have sworn to teach the fatal cup no more; and while in my heart there is life, my wife and children shall suffer no more for the sin they never committed. I have seen my old employer at the machine shop, and he has given me a situation, and is anxious I should come back; and, sir, he has been kind enough to give me an order in advance for necessary articles of clothing, food and furniture.—To-morrow morning I commence work."

"And you came to see if you could obtain your cottage back again to live in?" said Captain Walker, as Wilkins hesitated.

"Yes, sir, to see if I could hire it of you," returned the poor man.

"Wilkins, how much can you make at your business?" bluntly asked the old captain, without seeming to heed the request.

"My employer is going to put me on job, work, sir; as soon as I get my hand in, I can easily make from twelve to fourteen dollars a week."

"And how much will it take to support your family?"

"As soon as I get cleared up, I can easily get along with five or six dollars a week."

"Then you might be able to save about four hundred dollars a year?"

"I mean to do that, sir."

A few moments Captain Walker gazed into the face of his visitor, and then he asked,

"Have you pledged yourself yet?"

"Before God and in my heart I have; but one of my errands here was to get you to write me a pledge, and have it made to my wife and children."

Captain Walker sat down to his table and wrote out the required pledge, and then in a trembling but bold hand, Thomas Wilkins signed it.

"Wilkins," said the old man, as he took his visitor by the hand. "I have watched well your countenance, and weighed your words; I know you speak the truth. When I thought that cottage from your creditors, six years ago, I paid them one thousand dollars for it. It has not been harmed, and is as good as it was then. Most of the time I have received good rent for it. Now, sir, you shall have it for just what I paid for it, and each month you shall pay me such a sum as you can comfortably spare until it is all paid. I will ask you no rent, nor for a cent of interest. You shall have a deed of the estate and in return I will take but a simple mortgage, upon which you can have your own time."

Thomas Wilkins tried to thank the old man for his kindness, but he only sank back into his chair and wept like a child; and while he yet sat with his face buried in his hands, the old man slipped from the room. And when he returned, he bore in his hand a neatly covered basket.

"Come, come," the captain exclaimed, "cheer up, my friend. Here are some bits for your wife and children—take them home, and believe me, Wilkins, if you feel half as happy in receiving my favor as I do in bestowing it, you are happy indeed."

"God will bless you for this, sir," exclaimed the kindness-stricken man; "and when I betray your confidence may I die on the instant!"

"Stick to your pledge, Wilkins, and I will take care of the rest," said the old captain, as his friend took the basket. "If you have time to-morrow, call on me, and I will arrange the papers."

As Thomas Wilkins once more entered the street, his step was light and easy. A bright light of joyousness shone in every feature, and as he wended his way homeward he felt in every avenue of his soul that he was a man!

The gloomy shades that ushered in the night of the thirty-first of December, had fallen over the snow clad earth. Within the miserable dwelling of Mrs. Wilkins, there was more of comfort than we found when first we visited her; but yet nothing had been added to the furniture of the place.

For the last six days her husband had come home every evening, and gone away every morning, and during that time she knew he had drunk no intoxicating beverage, for already had his face begun to assume the stamp of his former manhood, and every word he had spoken had been kind and affectionate. To his children he brought new shoes and warm clothing, and to herself he had given such things as she stood in immediate need of; but yet, with all this, he had been taciturn and thoughtful, showing a dislike of all questions, and only speaking such words as were necessary. The poor, devoted, loving wife began to hope. And why should she not? For six years her husband had not been thus before. One week ago she dreaded his approach, but now she found herself waiting for him with all the anxiety of former years. Should this new charm be swept away. Eight o'clock came, and so did nine and ten, and yet her husband came not!

"Mother," said little Charles, just as the clock struck ten, seeming to have awakened from a dreamy slumber, "is not this the last night of the year?"

"Yes, my son."

"And do you know what I've been dreaming, dear mother? I dreamed that father had brought us New Year's presents, just the same as he used to. But he won't, will he? He's too poor now!"

"No, my dear boy, we shall have no other present than food; and even for that, we must thank dear father.—There, lay your head in my lap again."

The boy laid his curly head once more in his mother's lap, and with tearful eyes he gazed upon his innocent form.

The clock struck eleven! The poor wife was yet on her fireless, sleepless watch! But hardly had the sound of the last stroke died away, ere the snow crust gave back the sound of a footfall, and in a moment more her husband entered. With a trembling fear she raised her eyes to his face, and a wild thrill of joy went to her heart as she saw that all was open and bold; only those manly features looked more joyous, more proud than ever.

"Lizzie," said he, in mild, kind accents, "I am late to-night, but business detained me, and now I have a favor to ask of thee."

"Name it, dear Thomas, and you shall not ask it a second time," cried the wife, as she laid her hand confidently upon her husband's arm.

"And you will ask me no questions?" continued Wilkins.

"No, I will not."

"Then," continued the husband, as he bent over and imprinted a kiss upon his wife's brow, "I want you to dress our children for a walk, and you shall accompany us.—The night is calm and tranquil, and the snow is well trodden. Ah! no questions. Remember your promise! Lizzie Wilkins knew not what this all meant, nor did she think to care; for anything that could please her husband she would have done with pleasure, even though it had wrenched her very heart-strings. In a short time the two children were ready; then Mrs. Wilkins put on such articles of dress as she could command, and soon they were in the road.

The moon shone bright, the stars peeped down upon the earth, and they seemed to smile upon the travelers from out their twinkling eyes of light. Silently Wilkins led the way, and silently his wife and children followed. Several times the wife looked up into her husband's countenance, but from the strange expression that rested there she could make out nothing that tended to satisfy her.

At length, a slight turn in the road brought them suddenly upon the pretty white cottage, where, years before, they had been so happy. They approached the spot. The snow in the front yard had been shoveled, and a path led to the piazza. Wilkins opened the gate—his wife, trembling, followed, but wherefore she knew not. Then her husband opened the door, and in the entry they were met by the smiling countenance of old Capt. Walker, who ushered them into the parlor, where a warm fire glowed in the grate, and where everything looked comfortable. Mrs. Wilkins turned her gaze upon her husband. Surely, in that greeting between the poor man and the rich, there was none of that constraint which would have been expected. They met rather as friends and neighbors. What could it mean?

Hark! the clock strikes twelve! The old year has gone, and a new, a bright-winged cycle is about to commence its flight over the earth.

Thomas Wilkins took the hand of his wife within his own, and then drawing from his

bosom a paper, he placed it in her hand, remarking as he did so:

"Lizzie, that is your husband's present for the New Year."

The wife took the paper and opened it. She realized its contents at a glance; but she could not read a word, for the streaming tears of a wild frantic joy would not let her. With a quick, nervous movement, she placed the priceless pledge next her bosom; and then with a low murmur, like the gentle whispering of some heaven bound angel, she fell into her husband's arms.

"Look up, my own, dear wife," uttered the redeemed man, "look up and smile upon your husband; and you, too, my dear children, gather about your father; for a husband and father henceforth I will ever be."

"Look up, my wife. There! Now, Lizzie, feel proud with me, for we stand within our own house! Yes, this cottage is once more our own; and nothing but the hand of death shall again take us hence. Our good, kind friend will explain it all. O, Lizzie, if there is happiness on earth, it shall be ours! Let the past be forgotten and with this, the dawning of a new year, let us commence to live in the future."

Gently the husband and wife sank upon their knees, clasped in each other's arms; and clinging joyfully to them, knelt their conscious, happy children. A prayer from the husband's lips wended its way to the throne of grace; and with the warm tears trickling down his aged face, old Captain Walker responded a heartfelt "Amen."

Five years have passed since that happy moment; Thomas Wilkins has cleared his pretty cottage from all encumbrance, and a happier, or a more respected family do not exist. And Lizzie—that gentle, confiding wife—as she takes that simple paper from the drawer, and gazes again upon the magic pledge it bears, weeps tears of joy anew. Were all the wealth of the Indies poured out in one glittering pile at her feet, and all the honors of the world added thereto, she would not, for the whole countless sum, give in exchange one single word from that pledge which constituted her

HUSBAND'S PRESENT.

Select Miscellany

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

A man without some sort of religion, is at best a poor reprobate, the foot ball of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity and to the wondrous eternity that is within him; but a woman without it is even worse—a flame without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume.

A man may, in some sort, tie his frail hopes and honors with weak, shifting ground-tackle to his business of the world; but a woman, without that anchor, which they call faith, is a drift and wreck. A man may elusively continue a kind of responsibility or motive, but can find no basis in any other system of right action than that of spiritual faith. A man may erase his thoughts and his brain to thoughtfulness in such poor harborage as fame and reputation may stretch before him; but a woman—where can she put her hope in storms, if not in heaven!

And the sweet trustfulness, that abiding love, that enduring hope, mellowing every scene of life, lighting them with pleasant radiance, when the world's cold storms break like an army with smoking cannon, what can bestow it all but a holy soul-life to what is stronger than an army with cannon! Who that has enjoyed the love of a God-loving mother, but will echo the thought with energy, and hallow it with a tear!

FEMALE SOCIETY.

We honor the chivalrous deference which is paid in our land to women. It proves that our men know how to respect virtue and pure affection, and that our women are worthy of such respect. Yet women should be something more than mere women, to win us to their society. To be useful and agreeable companions, they should be fitted to be our friends; to rule our hearts, they should be deserving the approbation of our minds. There are many such, and that there are not more, is rather the fault of our sex than their own; and despite all the unmanly scandals that have been thrown upon them in prose and verse, they would rather share in the rational conversation of men of sense, than listen to the silly compliments of fools; and a man disdains them as well as disgraces himself, when he seeks their circle for idle pastime, and not for the improvement of his mind and elevation of his soul.

PRETTY.—The local editor of the New Orleans Picayune, sometimes says excellent things. Hear him:

The light of love is ever beautiful amid scenes of sorrow, and as the moonbeams seem holier and more tender round a ruin or a church-yard than in festive halls, so is affection purer and brighter when bestowed upon the wretched than when attracted by youth and happiness.

## THE CAMP MEETING.

At the camp-meeting, beneath the spreading boughs of some beautiful grove, the world and all its charms seem to lose their hold on the heart and mind, and amidst these pleasant "walks and shades" the thoughts and affections naturally rise to Heaven and heavenly things. The green leaves, quivering in the gentle breeze, deep and solemn shade, broken here and there by the sportive rays of the clear sun as they dart through the waving boughs, the soft and solemn music of the trees, attuned to fragrant zephyrs, in tones deep and impressive as they rise or recede, the sweet retirement from all the din and tumult of business and secular employments, the sympathetic influences of so many kindred hearts, all inspired by the touching scene and heavenly power, the grand and harmonious strains of the happy and rejoicing host, mingling in sweet accord with the pure and delicious melodies of nature, the numerous and affectionate greetings of Christian love and fellowship, the glowing and echoing praises of converting grace from tent to tent, the joyful countenances beaming with love to God and man, Christian joy and faith, the sweet and thrilling exclamations of new-born souls in blissful response from the white tabernacles, fit emblems of moral purity and sanctification, the spreading canvass beneath the sylvan canopy, fanned by cool and fragrant breezes from flowery fields and groves, together with the clear and reverberating tones of the preacher's voice, all combine to render the whole scene truly grand, solemn, and heavenly.

Yes, as the sweet and glowing strains, like the voice of many waters, roll over the consecrated ground, fancy catches the ecstatic numbers of angelic bliss which resound in ceaseless raptures around the Eternal Throne the thrilling impulses of Love Divine beat in every heart, the soul feels the heavenly inspiration, and rises to an ineffable foretaste of celestial joy.

Surely, if there is a scene on earth that resembles the sweet and happy communion and holy rejoicing of angels and redeemed spirits in heaven, it is this; and well might the ardent and joyful worshippers desire to tabernacle here with their Heavenly Lord and Master, as did his beloved disciples on the mount of transfiguration. Like the delicious exhalations of ten thousand spices, the glowing aspirations of so many hearts in union sweet ascend to the throne of pardoning grace in the sweetest incense of praise divine. O, who would not bear a part in a scene so heavenly and sublime? Who would not rise on such golden wings beyond the scenes of earth, and enjoy for a season angelic bliss? How grand and impressive the loud exclamations and fervent strains of such a congregation in Nature's spacious temple! The solemn, clarion tones of the Gospel, the tender and persuasive invitations of free grace, or the terrific thunders of Mount Sinai, the vast multitude bowed in humble prayer and supplication, the sweet union of youthful voices with the more manly strains of manhood and trembling age in the sacred hymn, all conspire to swell the bosom with the loftiest conceptions of Divine love and glory, and to impress the mind with a deep and lasting sense of the power and importance of religion. O, in such a glorious scene as this all the joys of the celestial world seem to concentrate and to pour down their richest treasures. Thus quickened in spirit, and with hearts glowing with more fervent love to God and their fellow-creatures, with a stronger resolution to live more to the glory of God and the honor of their Divine Lord and Saviour, and a livelier sense of their religious duties to each other, the world and the church, do these Christians and young converts return from the tented field to their homes and places of public worship to rejoice over the glorious results of Divine power and grace which they had witnessed at the camp-meeting.

FEMALE PIETY.—The gem of all others which most enriches the coronet of the lady's character is unaffected piety. Nature may lavish on her person, the enchantment of her mien, or the strength of her intellect, yet her piety throws around the sweetness and power of its charms. She then becomes unearthly in her temper, unearthly in her desires and associations. The spell which bound her affections to things below is broken, and she mounts on silent wings of hope and fancy to the habitation of God, where it is her delight to hold communion with spirits that have been ransomed from the thralldom of earth, and wreathed with a garland of glory.

Her beauty may throw its magical charms over many; princes and conquerors may bow with admiration at the shrine of her riches; the sons of science and poetry may enshrine her memory in history, and song; yet piety must be her ornament, her pearl.

With such a treasure, every lofty gratification on earth may be purchased; friendship will be doubly sweet; pain and sorrow shall lose their sting, and the charter will possess a price above rubies. Life will be but a pleasant visit to earth, and death an entrance upon a joyful and perpetual home. Such is piety. Like a tender flower

planted in the fertile soil of a woman's heart, it grows, expanding its foliage and imparting its fragrance around, till transplanted it is set to bloom in perpetual vigor and unfading beauty in the paradise of God.

LAZY BOYS.

A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man; unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances! The great mass of thieves, paupers and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and workhouses have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

When a boy is old enough to begin to play in the street, then he is old enough to be taught how to work. Of course we would not deprive children of healthful, playful exercise, or the time they should spend in study, but teach them to work; little by little, as the child is taught to learn at school. In this way he will acquire habits of industry that will not forsake him when he grows up.

Many persons who are poor let their children grow up to fourteen or sixteen years of age, or till they can support them no longer, before they put them to labor. Such children, not having any idea what work is, and having acquired habits of idleness, go forth to impose upon their employers with laziness. There is a repulsive quality in all labor set before them, and to get it done, no matter how, is their only aim. They are ambitious at play but dull at work. The consequence is, they do not stick to one thing but a short time; they







## CHESTER PRICES OVER

COMMODITY	PRICE
APPLES, Green, per bush	1.00
BACON, Country, per lb	12
BACON, City, per lb	14
BACON, Country, per lb	10
BACON, City, per lb	18
BUTTER, Country, per lb	14
BUTTER, City, per lb	15
BUTTER, Country, per lb	20
BUTTER, City, per lb	20
CHEESE, Country, per lb	11
CHEESE, City, per lb	12
COFFEE, Country, per lb	11
COFFEE, City, per lb	12
FLOUR, Country, per bush	50
FLOUR, City, per bush	50
GRAIN, Country, per bush	10
GRAIN, City, per bush	10
WHEAT, Country, per bush	10
WHEAT, City, per bush	10
LAND, Country, per acre	10
LAND, City, per acre	10
MOLASSES, Country, per bush	10
MOLASSES, City, per bush	10
PEAS, Country, per bush	10
PEAS, City, per bush	10
RICE, Country, per bush	10
RICE, City, per bush	10
SUGARS, Country, per bush	10
SUGARS, City, per bush	10
SALT, Country, per bush	10
SALT, City, per bush	10
SHOES, Country, per pair	10
SHOES, City, per pair	10
MEAT, Country, per lb	10
MEAT, City, per lb	10
TAKEAWAY, Country, per lb	10
TAKEAWAY, City, per lb	10
POULTRY, Country, per lb	10
POULTRY, City, per lb	10
POTATOES, Country, per bush	10
POTATOES, City, per bush	10
IRISH, Country, per bush	10
IRISH, City, per bush	10

We are authorized to announce, Capt. William H. Lister as Candidate for Sheriff of Chester District at the next election.

## FLORENCE FEMALE ACADEMY.

300 and a half Acres.

Miss F. H. Barker will commence the 1st term of school on Monday, November 1st.

Reading and Spelling, \$4.00

The above, with Grammar, Composition, and Penmanship, \$7.00

All the above, with the higher branches of English education, \$10.00

Music, Piano and Organ, \$2.00

French, German, Italian, \$2.00

Latin, Greek, \$2.00

Portraits, Painting and Needle Work, \$2.00

Cost of board, \$2.00

Cost of dress, \$2.00

Cost of books, \$2.00

Cost of stationery, \$2.00

Cost of fuel, \$2.00

Cost of laundry, \$2.00

Cost of medicine, \$2.00

Cost of other expenses, \$2.00

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## Livery Stable.

THE undersigned has a large lot of horses, together for the purpose of keeping a livery and sale stable at Chester, C. H., under the firm of STEED & PAGAN, take this method of informing the citizens of this and surrounding Districts and the traveling public generally, that they will constantly have on hand, for hire, fire-top

Saddle Horses, Harness Horses,

(Single and Double), Buggies,

Carriages, &c.

They will also convey persons wishing to go to any portion of the surrounding country, at a reasonable charge.

The merchants and citizens of the town are informed that they purpose running

Drays and Wagons,

sufficient to do whatever business may offer in that line.

They solicit a liberal share of patronage.

Sept. 15 36

N. B. Persons having business in the above line, will call on Mr. Sledge, who will separate the Stables, and will always be found at the Depot on the arrival of the cars.

Carroll will give three weekly in sections.

REEDER & DESAUSSE, ADGER'S WHARF, CHARLESTON, S. C.

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## Books! Books!! Books!!!

GUIDE to Social Hypnotism. Night in a Black House, Trumbull's Indian Wars, American Outlaws, Book, Murders and During Outrages, California, and Oregon, Popular Vegetable Gardening, American Gardener, Tales of Terror, The Log Cabin, Reverses of a Bachelor, Combe's Physiology, Soyer's Modern Housewife, Life of Lord Jeffrey, Legislative Guide, Jefferson's Manual, Sidney on Government, Bancroft's History of the United States, Mier Expedition, Rambles in Yucatan, American in Egypt, Expedition to the Dead Sea, Santa Fe, New Mexico and the Navajo Country.

—ALSO—

A large lot of Colored Engravings and Wrapping paper, just received and

For sale by

JNO. McKEE.

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## Estate Sale

## OF VALUABLE PROPERTY.

THE undersigned, as Administrator of the Estate of Col. T. Randall, deceased, will sell, on Monday the 20th December next, all the personal property belonging to said estate, consisting



